HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

VOL. 5. NO. 22. CONCORD, N. H. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1839. WHOLE NO. 204.

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

Office, Low's Block, Main Street.

N. P. ROGERS, Editor.

CHASE & CROSBY, Publishers.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

Wm. Goodell's Letter to John Q. Adams.

(*Concluded.*)

ULTRA LIBERALITY.

And yet you say you are 'disinclined to make these opinions articles of a religious creed with the pretention to impose it on others.' In this connexion you quote the injunction 'judge not that ye be not judged.' You think it would be sin in *you* 'to hold a fellow being in bondage for life,' but you would not 'denounce the judgements of God on those who differ from' you 'in religious belief.' You have no 'vocation for the exercise of force, or constraint, or injustice, even for the liberation of the slave.'

By this, I understand you to discard all ecclesiastical condemnation of slavery, and all legislative prohibition of slave holding. You would have it excommunicated from the church. You would not have it prohibited in the state by 'force or constraint.'—This logic furnished a plaster broad enough to cover the slavery of all the slave states! Why dwell upon the peculiarities of the federal District? Or why talk of a future or a gradual abolition, if there must be 'no exercise of force or constraint?'

Religious liberality, rightly understood, is a virtue; and legislative lenity is commendable. But when the adoration of 'devils' and 'deities' come to be blended or interchanged—when the man-thief and the robber of the poor may hold places in the church—and neither 'force nor constraint' in the state must awe the criminal aggressor, it may well be questioned whether liberality is not becoming too outrageously liberal, and whether lenity to the oppressor is not becoming cruelty to the oppressed. I cannot doubt, sir, your liberality, both as a religionist and as a civilian. But let me put you one question. If one of your neighbors should enter your stable, at Quincy, and possess himself of your best horse, without your permission, would you consent that he should remain a member of the same church with yourself? Would you think it an infringement of his rights of conscience to deny his Christian standing? Would you hesitate to use the 'force and restraint' of the civil law, for the recovery of your stolen beast? How much better is a man than a horse? Shall church discipline and civil law guard our brute animals from seizure, and shall they not guard human beings? Shall they not protect ourselves? Of what value or of what tenure are our rights to our property, if our rights to *ourselves* are to be left, thus insecure? If, in this nineteenth century of which we are wont to boast, we are to witness improvements like these upon the theology and the jurisprudence of the puritans, I cannot wonder that you 'hang your head in despondency.' I, too, will despair of the republic if I cannot see evidence that such dreamy mists can be dispelled.

WHAT AVAILS IT?

I was about to inquire of you, sir, whether the better 'temper' and smoother language you have used towards the slaveholding south, had secured to you a more favorable hearing, or preserved you from the abuse and the threats which have been lavished upon the petitioners? Your high station and long life of public service had given you a commanding advantage which none of the petitioners possessed. Did these circumstances, connected with better temper and language avail anything for your protection? I need not press inquiries of this sort. The facts are before the nation and the world. You have held your seat in the National Congress at the peril of your life. But let me congratulate you that your perils are now over. Having disclaimed the desire to wield legislative and church action against the 'wounded rattlesnake,' you have nothing now to fear from its 'mortal venom.' The 'deadly fang' will not harm you. Not even your animated exhortation to the votaries of freedom to 'stand to their arms' and 'buckle on their armor,' (an extreme into which not even the 'temper' of inconsiderate abolitionists has yet betrayed them,) will very much exasperate or alarm the slaveholders who apprehend 'annoyance' less from the sword and musket than they do from the pulpit or the ballot box. Having distinctly depreciated the use of these, you will no longer be dreaded or threatened. You may declaim against the 'Moloch' like Demosthenes. He sees the firerockets curving gracefully over his head. Their brilliancy elicits his admiration. He understands now, that they are flying in such a direction that they cannot reach him. You are not in favor of abolition in the District. You 'have no vocation for the exercise of force or constraint.' You are 'disinclined' to make your opinions articles of a religious creed. The thunders of Sinai, you would have hushed. The weapon of the ballot box, in this warfare, you would take from the hands of freemen. Your adherence to 'the ethics of the Revolution,' and your eloquent denunciations of the slave system, become thus an abstraction—a 'flourish of rhetoric' like the self evident truths—the sentimental maxims of the Declaration, or a page of the 'notes on Virginia.' The National Intelligencer is ready to publish them, in company with your exhortations to abolitionists.—Why should not the south be at peace with you? What abolitionist in our ranks could not make a treaty on the same terms?—Should all the petitioners imitate your example and follow your advice, we might enjoy a dead calm after the agitation. But would it be the calm of security? Your letter like the voice of many waters answers '*no*.'

INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS.

Do not understand me as impeaching your fidelity to your country. Far from it. I have said that you seem to have despaired of the republic. This unriddles the mystery You have not been treacherous. But '*fear, admitted into public councils, betrays like treason*.' Yet you have done your country no small service in respect to this great subject. In the providence of God, and by your own peculiar talents and energy, you have done what no other man could have done. Your course on the whole, and especially its grand sequel, your last letter, (however you may have ceased to annoy and enrage the south,) cannot fail to rouse and instruct the friends of abolition and freedom at the north. Your experiment, with its results, and with the startling developments, of your letter, will furnish them with the best possible reasons (until they despair of the republic) for declining to take the course suggested by your example and your advice. You have shown them, and no other man living could have done, that the last dim, flickering ray of hope for the country and for human freedom, is to be found in the despised lamp of 'modern abolitionism'—that that light must illumine their sanctuaries and guide them to the polls steadily and preservingly, or all is lost.

You have shown the petitioners by the facts that cannot be mistaken, that no scheme of gradualism or of procrastination can avail them or their country, at the present crisis. Even now, you bid them 'stand to their arms,' and 'buckle on their armor' against the aggressions of the despotic south! Such a note of warning they will not interpret into a signal for retreat or delay, so long as the remaining pulsations of liberty shall inspire them with hope. You have shown them that no other proposal or plan of operation, not even when devised and presented by the gifted and venerated ex-president of the United States, finds even equal favor with their own.

More than all this your experiment and your testimony of its results, after a fair trial, have fully confirmed their *previous prediction*, viz: that THE WHITE MAN'S RIGHT OF PETITION CAN NOT BE MAINTAINED BY EFFORTS WHICH DO NOT EQUALLY INCLUDE A DEMAND FOR THE LIBERATION OF THE SLAVE!

Let facts testify. What abler advocate of our own *rights of petition*, (as distinguished from the advocacy of the rights of the slave,) could we have desired, in our House of Representatives than JOHN QUINCY ADAMS? His industry, his tact, his knowledge of parliamentary order, his almost unbounded personal and political influence, his name, his rank among the first men of the nation and of the age, his jealous regard for *Anglo Saxon* freedom, his unflinching courage, his unbending integrity, his time of life, his satiety of public honors, his elevated superiority above the desire of popular support, or of private patronage, his well known independence of character, his burning eloquence, his devotion to the right of petition—all these were in our favor. But did his advocacy prove a successful one? Alas! No! His own letter tells us the sad story. So far from securing the rights of petitioners to be *heard*, you have told us, sir, that you can not maintain your own right, as a member of a deliberative body, to *speak*! You can only point us to our liberties trodden down in the mire, and bid us 'stand to our arms' and 'buckle on our armor' in self defence!—The contrast' you think, must be transferred from the forum to the tented field!

And not only, sir, does your attempt to maintain the *white* man's right of petition, without maintaining the *colored* man's rights, exhibit to the world the '*impracticability*' of the enterprize, but exhibits likewise the fact that the illustrious champion of the right of petition, under such circumstances, has not only sustained a *defeat*, but has been betrayed or forced into the *service* of the enemy he so much abhors! It reveals to us an ADAMS quoting the glorious truths of the declaration of independence in support of despotic power, in the same letter in which he wields them for its overthrow! Contending that the nation has no right to exist unless it maintains human rights, and yet denying its rights thus to maintain them! Sounding the trumpet of alarm to freedom, to 'stand to their arms', and 'buckle on their armor,' and yet exhorting them to cease from the exercise of their rights as the means of 'maintaining' them 'inviolate,' and for fear the despots whose aggressions he considers almost inevitable, will secede from the Union! Thus, sir, you show us that your defeat has not been less signal than the inconsistency and self-contradiction involved in your partial enterprize of attempting to maintain *some* men's rights without maintaining the rights of all men.

And how could it have been otherwise? Let changeless principles bear testimony.—From your own glowing pen let me summon and present them. You have told us, sir, that the nation itself has no right to exist, if it depart, in its practice, from the self-evident principles which it proclaimed, before the sun, as the foundation of its independence! The very attempt you have denounced as 'deliberate falsehood and perjury—treason to the country, and blasphemy to God.' The renunciation of those principles you hold to a virtual withdrawal from the Union. What right then, let me ask, has any one of the petitioners, what right has any northern white citizen, to defend or to claim a right of petition for himself, which he does not equally defend and claim for his neighbor? What less than practical 'treason' to the country, and 'blasphemy to God' is involved in such a course? And what rational prespect of success, or of favor, either with God or with man, in sustaining their *own* rights, can the petitioners or their advocate have, unless they contend equally for the rights of the *slave*?

You approvingly quote the Congress of 1783, as saying, '*Let it be remembered that it ever has been the pride and boast of America that the rights for which she contended were the rights of human nature.*' The connection in which you quote this, shows plainly that you regard the colored man of the south as entitled to 'the rights of human nature.—Should it not be 'the pride and boast' then, of those who contend for the white man's right of petition, that they equally contend for the same right in the colored man?—Unless they do this, can it be said that they 'contend for the rights of *human nature*?'—Does not the contest father become what William Pinckney, of Maryland, fifty years ago, in the house of delegates of that State, predicted that would become, 'the struggle of pride and selfishness, not of principle!'—Can you 'adhere to the ethics of the revolution' in your advocacy of the right of petition, unless you include in your plea the right of the slave? If you give up the one, must you likewise relinquish the other?—Can the 'sublime champion of *English*' or of *white* liberty succeed, in the same argument in which he gives up *colored* liberty to the oppressor? No, sir! Your own gigantic experiment has proved that it can not.—When you would prove to the petitioners that their object, the liberation of the slave, is an impractible one, the very first argument you bring forward is an argument equally potent to prove that their own right of petition, and your right of freedom of speech are equally impracticable! The same corrupt public sentiment that prevents the liberation of the slave forbids at this moment, the exercise of the right of the free! When you concede the right of the national Congress to trample on the rights of the colored inhabitants of the District of Columbia, you concede, likewise, by implication, their right to trample upon the white man's right of petition, and of speech.—When you so construe 'the just powers of the government' as to take from it the right of punishing outrages upon the rights of the colored man, without the consent of the oppressor, you frame a construction by which our senator Youngs can equally prove that the government has no 'just powers' to suppress riots except with 'the consent' of ther ioters.

So true is it, as a matter of fact, and thus certain is it, in the very nature of things, that the liberties of the white freemen cannot be maintained—no! not even his right to ask relief from oppression, without maintaining the right of the *sable slave!*

I rejoice that your own experiment has illustrated this great truth—that your own pen has recorded the result of the experiment—that your own course of reasoning has assisted to show the causes of your failure—the reasons why northern freedom has become a vain boast—a mere name.

And most heartily do I rejoice in the great truth itself. I would devoutly thank God that in the very nature of things, he has so linked the species together, that no man, no, not even John Quincy Adams himself, can indulge the rational hope of enjoying freedom of speech, not even in the halls of the freest nation on earth, unless he will 'open his mouth for the dumb.' This divine constitution is as fixed as the nature of man himself—as unchangeable as the divine law of which it is the counterpart—as immovable as the throne of God upon which it is planted. It composes a part of the sanction which enforces the great law of equal love to our equal neighbor—the law of remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them. It is by this providential arrangement (operating as it does by fixed principles and by the well known laws of our social existence,) that God rewards benevolence with the boon of freedom, and punishes selfishness with the rod of oppression. To enslave a people who obey this divine law of impartial love towards one another, is as demonstrably impossible as it is to preserve the liberties of a people who habitually transgress it. Who could be oppressed if the great mass of the community harmonized with this grand precept? Who can be secure from oppression in a community where it is disregarded. In the light of this divine arrangement, unheeded as it has been, in past ages, we may readily solve the problem of a world's perpetual subjection to despotism, from a remote and dim antiquity to this hour. In the light of this arrangement, honored as it is destined to be, I read the prophecy of man's future peace and freedom. I believe oppression will cease, because I believe every man will learn to protest against the enslavement and degradation of his equal brother, as heartily as against his own. I believe Christianity will introduce a great change—not by magic or enchantment—but because it will teach every son and daughter of Adam this great duty. It will be inculcated as a fundamental article of religion. It will be practised and regarded as constitutional law in every hall of legislation and court of jurisprudence. It will be remembered by every freeman at the polls. My only hope for my country's freedom rests on the belief that this grand reformation is now commenced in her midst—and that it is marching forward with a steady pace. May you live to see the triumph; and not go hence despairing of the republic for whose interest you have so long and so faithfully labored. May you live to bear a still more conspicuous part in the work of saving your country and your race from oppression, than you have yet done. Why should you not devote to this great work the ripened energies of a green old age?—Then indeed would the sun of your glory reach the western wave with increasing and redoubled splendor. You have sounded the alarm and pointed out the danger. Do not then sound the horn of retreat! Rally us as a people, to the work of holy and peaceful reformation, and bid us muster at the polls. Exhort us to the ballot box not to the sword. Bid us stand to 'the ethics of the revolution' not to our 'arms' In such a bloodless contest we have every thing to hope nothing to fear. From your own showing, it is death for northern freemen to sit still. It is also a hopeless warfare while they contend for their own rights and yet continue to compromise the right of the slave. One alternative only is left to them. One effort and only one, remains untried. Bid them lose no time in giving it their undivided energies, before all is lost, and ere they despair of the republic. Bid them inscribe this motto upon their banner:

'FREEDOM for ALL! or CHAINS for ALL!

'The BONDMEN'S rise, or FREEMEN'S fall!'

Then, and not until then, shall we act upon the ethics of the revolution.' Then, and not until then, can we, without impiety, ask our common Father in heaven to restore to us our own freedom. Shall we be called madmen? Remember, sir, your own ungrateful countrymen have called *you* the 'Massachusetts madman,' simply because you have defended the white man's right of petition! I am only repeating in substance, the sentiments uttered by John Jay, on a similar occasion. 'Till America comes into this measure [abolition] her prayers to Heaven will be impious. The expression is strong, but it is just.'* With equal soberness may we now say—'Until northern freemen engage heartily in the same enterprise, and plead for the bondmen, their prayers to heaven for the restoration of their own right of petition will be impious.' They have no right to expect it. It is expecting the end without the means. It is expecting absurdities and contradictions. Unless they will do this they will still be left of God to fancy themselves free, though governed by the veriest tyrants on earth, and they will dream on, until their fetters are riveted.—They will remain blind to the fact that the same Congress that has denied the slave's right of petition *because* he is a slave, has also denied their right of petition! 'A nation,' says a renowned writer, 'may lose its liberties in a day and not miss them for a century.' The Roman orators are said to have flattered the people, even until Noro was seated upon the imperial throne, by telling them that they were too much enlightened ever to be enslaved! It is selfishness that thus blinds and enslaves the nations. The same selfishness that prompts us to contend for our own right of petition, in forgetfulness of the equal right of the slave. May the Lord, in mercy, emancipate us all from the fetters of this narrow and soul-crushing selfishness, that we may become free indeed. Until then, to use, sir, your own words, we labor under 'a more lamentable debasement of the human soul than the mere endurance of servitude can effect.'

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your fellow-citizen and friend,

WILLIAM GOODELL.

* Letter from Spain, 1780.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Sandwich, N. H. July 5, 1839.

Mr. Rogers,—My Dear Sir,—On the 29th ult. I left Concord, intending to spend the national festival at this place. I attended a religious meeting on the Sabbath, (30th) at Centre Harbor. The house was full to overflowing to see, probably, if a man with a colored skin could appear and preach as well as one who is paler. The meeting, on the whole was solemn and attentive.

On Monday I started for this place. It was a delightful ride. Nature seemed truly enchanting. Here you see no splendid mansions ornamented with artificial groves and mounds as in the popular cities and large towns—but pass over the granite hills and natural groves which at this season of the year defy the skill of the greatest artizan, and ever and anon as you emerge from these natural scenes you come in view of the humble dwelling of some industrious farmer. Every thing around his dwelling tell of contentment and comfort. At six o'clock P. M. I found myself at the house of Rev. Mr. Webber, and spent the night with him.

On Tuesday, at 5 P. M., gave a lecture two miles out of the village. At this place the Annual Conference of the Methodist E. Church is about to convene. A large number of ministers are in attendance,—among them is the Rev. GEORGE STORRS, the indefatigable advocate of human rights. I am told that in this Conference a large majority are the inflexible opponents of slavery, and advocate the principles of modern abolitionism, and are carrying out the sentiments of Mr. Wesley, their great founder. And as abolitionists in this place have believed unto justification, and if ministerial influence can sanctify, I hope the abolitionists may feel that influence during the sitting of this Conference.

On Tuesday night I found an excellent home in the house of Gen. J. D. Quimby. He has been a military officer in this State, and is now an efficient General in the great moral warfare against American slavery. With him and his family I met a cordial reception. Here, around the family altar and in conversation, the poor slave is remembered. Perhaps there is no man in this State who feels more deeply, or is ready to make greater sacrifices for the freedom of the slave than Gen. Quimby.

My next visit was at the house of Rev. Mr. Pettengill, near where the meeting was to be, and five miles from the south village. Brother Pettengill is not one of those ministers who say they are "as much opposed to slavery as any body,—but—" He is as much opposed to slavery as any body *and* is ready to speak out against it and labor to get it abolished. The meeting yesterday was at his meeting house,—the attendance was great. At 10 o'clock A. M. the Sandwich Lyceum met. The house was full, to hear the discussion. The question was, "Are the measures of the abolitionists constitutional and calculated to benefit the slave." After discussing the subject until nearly one o'clock P. M., it was decided in the affirmative. After an intermission of 30 minutes the congregation reassembled,—and while millions of the American people were listening to the roar of cannon, the note of the bugle, and tolling of the bell; and the aclamations of thousands in praise to the Genius of Liberty, and others sitting in decorated halls listening to the oratory accompanied with the 'rhetorical flourishes' of statesmen,—it was my lot to appear before a congregation filling the house to a *jamb*, and point away to the swamps and sugar plantations of the south and tell of the woes and the sufferings and wrongs of the poor victims of republican oppression. Sir it was silent, only fancying the plaintive cry of the slave coming up to the ear "am I not a man and a brother,"—and I believe the command of the apostle was felt,—"remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

There was no sumptuous dinner, or firing of cannon, or shrill note of the bugle—no joyous sport of boys, filling the air with youthful huzzas,—but all seemed to desire a festival of national freedom *when* all might enjoy it irrespective of color. God grant such a day may soon appear.

Yours truly, for God and the slave,

JOHN W. LEWIS.

For the Herald of Freedom.

The Condition of the Slave and our duty towards them.

The condition of the slave is generally allowed by all to be most deplorable, wretched in the extreme. Their situation has so often been set forth and so ably, that nothing more perhaps need be said. But if as much has been said and written upon *our duty* with regard to them, has it had that influence upon our lives that it ought to have? *What have we done?* A great deal of commiseration, fine speeches, and as a gentleman in the late convention observed, "and a long string of resolutions sound well, but if this is all, what does it amount to? Will they break one fetter from the slave? or will they hold up the hands of those noble souls who have taken their lives in their hands, and gone forth to plead the cause of the oppressed?" My dear sisters in Christ, what have we done? Have we "remembered those in bonds as bound with them?" Have we denied ourselves any of the good things of this life that we might aid in this great and good object? Have we denied ourselves one of the comforts of life that we might have to put into this treasury of the Lord? O how few among us as professed abolitionists have that self-sacrificing spirit which we ought to have! We *feel* for the slave, we wish him to be set free,—but oh, we have nothing to *give*,—we are poor,—we have this and that object to aid,—others are more able to give, or if our conscience will not let us off, how small the pittance compared with the sum we can spend for some article of expensive clothing. When I think of these things my spirit is stirred within me. When I think of the course of professed christians, of professed abolitionists, I think of the priest and the Levite,—we go by on the other side.

We pretend not to tell you what is your duty, but we conjure you to think candidly, to consider prayerfully the privations, the miseries, the wretchedness to which the slave is the constant victim,—his mind darkened, debased,—the heart-rending agony he is constantly liable to in the severing of those ties which make life *barely tolerable*,—think, oh! think of these things! Think that we shall *all* meet at the *bar of God*, and remember Jesus saith, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren ye did it not to me." I say, think of these things, and "what thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

A FRIEND OF THE SLAVE.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Mr. Rogers,—I take notice that *slavery* is sometimes represented in your paper as being a sin, or sinful and wrong.

Now I don't see why *slavery* any more than *poverty* or any other *state* or *condition* of a man which he can't help, should be imputed as a *sin* or *wrong*, notwithstanding that some perhaps may think it a crime to be poor. It is the extortion, oppression, fraud or violence which *makes a man poor* or reduces him to slavery, or the unjustly *holding* him in slavery, the *actual infliction* of evil, not the *suffering* it, which constitutes the wrong and is sin, and the person culpable, if any, is the extortioner, oppressor or slave*holder*, not the poor man or the slave.

A change of phraseology, designating *slaveholding* instead of *slavery*, as wrong or sinful, may avoid some confusion of ideas, and put the saddle on the right horse.

If you will indulge a little more of verbal criticism, I will just mention that *Negro* is the proper word which has been in use from the commencement of the modern African slave trade to denote the races of tropical Africa. It is a Portuguese or Spanish word signifying a *blackmoor*, or *black*, or *dark-colored*, and is derived from the Latin word *Niger*, of the same meaning, which is spelt with only *one G*, and that has the *i* sounded *long*. That other stereotyped word spelt with *two g's* is fit company only for *Ing-uns* (used for *onions*) and other like savored words of the very lowest Virginia dialect; unless you will have it derived from the verb *to nig*, a cant word among gamblers signifying to cheat at cards, and then it will not refer at all to the *color of the face*, but perhaps may well enough denote a *black-leg*.

CRITO.

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

CONCORD: JULY 27, 1859.

All men are by nature equally free and independent and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society they cannot by any compact deprive or divest their posterity—namely the enjoyment of life and LIBERTY, with the means of acquiring and possessing property and obtaining happiness and safety.—CONSTITUTION OF VIRGINIA.

The Panoply.

We must devote a considerable portion of our narrow space and limited time (having been absent) this week, to this pro-slavery periodical. We are glad to see it coming out more and more openly. We wish its *patronage* would more generally enlist in aid of its editing, and write under their own names. We have invited them, we do it again—the "association of ministers," who "assist," according to the caption of the paper. We invite the leading clergymen of the state—Mr. Clement (if he still remains on the other side.) Mr. Barstow, who could taunt the "fanaticisms" of the day in his college oration—our quondam associate and friend, Mr. Stone, who is formed for a thorough-going, uncompromising abolitionist—Mr. Tenney, forward hitherto in every good word and work, and Joseph Lane, the protracted meeting champion, a very Hannibal in the cause of truth and reform, who was not afraid to charge a young minister in the very height of the famous revivals to make the *temperance enterprise prominent in his labors.* On these men we call to openly vindicate their position as colonizationists and anti-abolitionists in the columns of this Panoply, or else openly repudiate that paper, which is now regarded as their organ. We want no child's play in this matter. If we are wrong they can show it. If we show a wrong spirit and write in unchristian style, they know how to set us the opposite example. If we are right, let them beware how they stand longer in their present awkward position. The anti-slavery reform advances. It will embarrass them sorely, if it overtake the people with their ministers in their present attitude. They can hardly change ground *now* with *good grace.* But we want the responsible men, who can use an argument and appreciate one. They are bound to come forward.—Let them not be hindered by any mistaken notions of clerical dignity. This will not avail them in case of mistake of duty. The pulpit is not above the truth. Its local elevation above the *pew* is only for *convenience* (or inconvenience) to the people—not to indicate the rank of ministers. To *minister* is not to *rule.* The pulpit is not a position to look *down* from, but to look *abroad* from, over the *equal* congregation—and that the gallery auditory may not be too far *raised above* the speaker. He that will be great among you, let him be your *minister*, said the Savior—not he that is your *minister*, let him be the *greatest.* "The great ones among the Gentiles exercise authority, &c. but so it shall not be with you, &c. &c." Let not these able and respected brethren graciously decline enlisting in the discussion. They are bound to do it or repudiate their pro-slavery organ the Panoply.

We copy the following, which was extracted by our brother Kimball from the New-York Evangelist, which the editor [illegible] very paper."

COLONIZATION.

Mr. Editor,—Will you allow me to state a few reasons why I am a colonizationist? I will aim to do it in a Christian manner.(1)

1. I support colonization, because a great many colored people are in favor of it, have been benefitted by it, and can be still more; because that at first they rose up almost in masses(2) to avail themselves of the privilege,(3) and always have been more numerous than the means to aid them. Exceptions there may have been from the first;—but they were then few (4) and it greatly increased since, it is easily accounted for from other things than any real objection to the measure; and thousands, doubtless, would now be knowing, in their own experience in a better land, the blessedness of a clear escape from the oppressive prejudice(5) that crushes the black man here' had not unfounded objections been raised. I would do as I would be done unto,(6) therefore have I done what I could do to aid their escape from a condition,(7) in which, were I released, I would remain no longer than was necessary to prepare to get away. It is my rejoicing to know that some, in congratulating themselves on their escape, remember the humble aid it was my privilege to render. How men feel, who, instead of giving such aid, have used their influence to continue them in the country of their degradation, I shall not say.(8)

2. I support colonization, because it opens a wide door for the benefit of the whole.—Were there a millionth part of real sorrow for the wrongs of the black man there ought to be, it would not be *few colored persons* who were benefitted, but slavery itself would soon feel its death wound from the influence of widely extending, flourishing colonies, where it would be seen that the colored man can maintain and govern himself.(9) The very presentation of such an idea to the slaveholder has a tendency to loosen the shackles on his conscience,(10) and to lead him to suspect that it is not necessary "that makes the blacks only fit for slavery."(11) And so forcibly was this operating till Garrison began his most unwise attack on colonization (12) that in several of the slave states open and most public efforts were in progress for emancipation, which doubtless had effected it by this time in Maryland and Virginia—at least in West Virginia—and Kentucky, while in others, the men determined to continue slavery had found it necessary to unite and put down colonization, as a most powerful anti-slavery society in disguise, they said—as was done in S. C. and Georgia. So far from lulling the slaveholder's conscience to sleep, it was continually rousing it up, as was evinced by the frequent offers of their slaves to the Society, which are now less frequent.

3. I support colonization from its good effects at the North. It led the people to look at the condition of those victims of oppression. They could not talk of bettering their condition by giving them another country without looking at the cause of their evil condition in this.(13) The bitterness of their unconscious prejudice, immediately began to relax. Out of it has grown most of the real active anti-slavery spirit at the North,(14) and had not that fatal folly of attacking colonization, with sweeping denunciation of all its friends begun, we had ere this seen most flourishing seminaries of colored youth in operation, and our colleges open to their access. To speak what I do know, that there has been a vast falling off here. It is not his wish to benefit the colored man or the slave, that has provoked the hostility to which Mr. C. H. or O. and many others are subjected, but the fear and belief that these men were joining in measures to to promote a repulsive mingling of the races, and to bring odium on all who promoted colonization.(15)

4. I support colonization, because it does not directly treat slavery in any way; but, *indirectly*, most effectually prepares the public mind to do away this terrible crime and evil of our country.(16) It does not say to Zaccheus in the tree, "Thou, publican—thou extortioner—thou robber—thou every thing bad that a tax-gatherer of old could be, come down out of that tree—get on your knees in the dust—give up all your unjust gains, and then go and hide yourself in the obscurity of black infamy;" no, but it says, "Come down, this day must I dine at thy house;" yes, even if I eat some of the fruit of thy unjust gains, to produce in this friendly intercourse a kindly feeling, which shall bid the unjust gains to be restored, and the oppressed to go free.(17) Oh! had *this* spirit which was in Christ, but been in Garrison and others, how different had now been the slavery question in this country. As to the union of the discordant materials in the support of colonization, this is its lot in common with all good causes, and is surely no more so than it is with abolition, which can boast of Fanny Wright and O'Connell, with their followers, for its friends. But in relation to both, (for in every undermining of slavery I rejoice,) if Christ is preached, I rejoice, even though some do it from contention. And it is here seen, as it may be in many other writings of colonizationists, that many a *syllable* can be said of the deep wickedness of slavery by colonization.

5. I support colonization, because it will allow a large population to go where their labor can avail to their own advantage.(18) It is not others' good, but theirs, I seek. I would not keep them where their degradation is inevitable, for fear that a worse population might come in, and the country thus suffer. The prospect that the prejudice will cease, so as to admit them to equal rights, is hopeless for many ages,(19) the abolitionists themselves being judges.

6. I support colonization, because it is the best means yet ever known for the improvement of a heathen country.(20) I use the term but in a broad sense. Till opposition to colonization brought odium upon it, pious and intelligent colored men did offer themselves, and were preparing to go out to aid these colonies; and some of the very first of this class which I have ever known went out at first. It is the opposition that has hindered the cause from working in the very best manner. It is by colonization that civilization and christianity are spreading over the world. Our own country is large testimony here.(21) In this view, the work of colonization has a magnitude of interest and promise mighty, indeed—too great for more than a mere glance in this place.

"I have written, Mr. Editor, what I believe to be sober truth. I honestly feel that the good of our own country and Africa, of white men and colored men, would be promoted by a total abandonment of all opposition to colonization, and a united resort to the simple gospel principles and missionary efforts which can be so effectually used in the noble and comprehensive plan of colonization."—Yet such is the state of things engendered by this strange opposition to one of the noblest schemes to benefit the world ever drawn out under the influence of the gospel, urged on as it has been "into church and state politics, into western and southern relations of business and society, till it has multiplied opprobrious epithets of the worst kind for every one that holds to colonization, and well nigh ruined many a minister and church that would not join this opposition, so that the very friends to the same great object of human wealfare have been divided, and hindered from promoting the abolition of slavery, and the cause itself for a time almost stopped. But that time is gone by. Soon, too, may it be, that this unfounded opposition shall cease, and the question have no more place which has so often been asked by many of the most intelligent and best Christians of the land, "Why this opposition? why cannot colonization and anti-slavery go hand in hand in the great work, for surely the cause is one?"(22) And surely there is no just ground for the quarrel. Even if some see more good in one than in the other, they need not quarrel, and had better not, even if they think they see evil; but speaking the truth *in love*, and nothing but the truth; the time would soon be when both slavery and colonization could be spoken of by any one "without proscription or loss of usefulness."

Now, Mr. Editor, as this, with the piece of Mr. W. will show that sincere friends of the colored man(23) can think differently of the measures used to meliorate his condition, let the lesson of forbearance be learned, and each pursue the way he thinks right, to do him good, without wasting his time and strength in contention. When will Christians learn to imitate their Master? He went about doing good, preaching the truth, and spent little of his time in attacking error or showing what was wrong, still less in railing at evil-doers. To show the right, and give the truth, was the way of him we are required to follow, well knowing that if truth gets in error will go out, and that it is readily admitted where it comes with deeds of love and words of kindness, while the mere charge of error and wrong will at once bar the door.

Hence, it is in vain that we look for any direct declarations or denunciations against polygamy, drunkenness, slavery, or even idolatry, in all its instructions. L.

(1) Of course in a "christian manner"! But why assert this? Did the writer suspect his readers would discover the contrary? It is a suspicious averment. No man under the influence of christian feeling would think of making it.

(2) "Almost in masses"—a curious expression,—as much as to say not quite in masses. Had they been doped by it, we should almost have inclined to the opinion, that they were an inferior race—could never rise to humanity here, and might as well go to Liberia, as stay among mankind. It is not true that a great many colored people were in favor of it. They were almost universally against it. They were never *consulted* in regard to it. Had they been they would have opposed its *formation* universally. There is not a colored man out of the alms house (if they were allowed to go in there among the *white insanity*) who would not revolt against it with the instinctive impulse of "the first law of nature." Why were they not *consulted!* Why did not these benevolent friends of the "colored *race*" call them together in the cities and lay the matter before them, and try their consent? They did not dare to. They consulted the *white men*, to see if it was best to have the colored man go—"*with his own consent!*" They did not dare look the colored man in the face and propose banishment to him. They did not deem him worth consulting. They thought he was not entitled to it. They apprehended he would consent of course,—that he would *have to consent.* We ask colonization if it really supposed it for the good of the colored man, that he should quit America for Africa, why it did not first ascertain his consent and then plan to help him go. Why did not they first find out that he wished to go, and *then* offer him help? No, they *consented* for him. They did not hold him competent to consent for himself, and they put the insidious word into their conspiracy, to defraud the colorphobia philanthropy of the North. The very putting it in bespeaks fraud.

If the colored people themselves had contrived this mode of escape they never would have applied to the white philanthropists for aid. They would have helped themselves. The fugitive to Canada dont ask colonization for aid, and colonization would never offer it. It has no funds for those who *consent* to go to Canada. It is *Liberia*, or slavery and degradation *here.* And if the colored people had themselves conceived the scheme of colonization, to escape the barbarous and fiendish prejudice of the white christian, how diabolical it would have been in him to see the poor creatures packing up their little all and embarking for a land of death and desolation, because they could not stand it here. It would have melted any heart but one of flint. It would have touched the sensibilities of an old gory Algerine. Now let colonization look at it.

(3) "The privilege!" of what, in the name of *language?* of going from New-England or New-York to the coast of Africa, to live—and die! Of foregoing country, home and civilized world. If it is a "*privilege*" to a man to go to that African coast he had better die than live. His condition must be worse than death. And what is the character of that white people—those white christians among whom a man cant live, and to escape whom, he must go beyond the bounds of civilization. Will God tolerate such a people as this?

(4) We are compelled to charge this as a direct and we fear a wilful falsehood. If said ignorantly the writer is *criminally* ignorant.

(5) Hear the enormity that can call its own feelings "oppressive prejudice"—and then glory in it. Hear him speak of his own scorn, "that crushes the black man"—and of "the blessedness of an escape from it." He "aims" to do it however "in a christian manner," as he says in the outset.

(6) "Would *he* be done unto," in this way? Would *he* be "crushed by an oppressive prejudice!" Would *he* like to be persecuted unto death and worse than death, and then be advised, by his christian oppressor, to run away to escape him?

(7) Whose conduct creates this "condition," but this very writer's—who calls it an "oppressive prejudice," when he wants to scare the colored man off to Africa,—*but* "something *that religion can't remove*," when he defends himself for being guilty of it. When he and his countrymen are charged with the crime of loathing the colored man, he excuses them by calling it a natural feeling—implanted by Providence. When he wants to frighten away the colored man with it, he berates it and calls it an "oppressive prejudice." If it is an "oppressive prejudice" who is the *oppressor?* Who is guilty of it? This writer surely.

(8) Hear again this barefaced writer accuse the abolitionists for trying to *colonize* that accursed *prejudice*, instead of the unoffending men, who are the victims of it. Is the writer mad? "Used their influence to continue them "in the country of their degradation!" Whose fault is their degradation? This writer's and his wicked contemporaries,—while they cry out, oh you barbarous abolitionists, to keep these wretches here, when we are crushing them. Behold how *we* jamb them down and trample them into the mire—and you advise them to remain within our reach, rather than escape out of it, into Africa. We enterprising christians, whose scorn will overtake the "nigger" if he rests any where within the boundless scope of our exploration, if he halts where the utmost foot of emigration has dared to roam, if he lights down within reach of modern speculation, *we* shall forthwith be upon him, to *degrade* and *crush* him, and hence we warn him to take refuge in Africa, where yankee philanthropy never dreams to go. In Africa he will be out of our reach, and what is more, *out of our way—out of our sunshine.* We are *christians* and *republicans.* We can therefore never fellowship *free niggers.*—Our Father in Heaven forbid. It is not our fault. We throw it off upon *Him* and *the niggers He has made.* We alter not. If the niggers don't like our treatment let them escape it. They can, by going to Africa. There we sha'nt follow them. Any where else, on earth, we may have occasion to go—and thither they must *not go.* And out upon these abolitionists, who would "influence them to continue," where our *enterprise* will be upon them and *crush* them. Shall our christian enterprise and ambition be turned aside for these "niggers!" Shall we be hindered on our way to the *millennium*, by this colored race! Not we.

(9) To all this hocus pocus piece of Pinneyism, we reply with one *broad* "*masterly*"—FUDGE!!

(10) It won't unshackle conscience—but it unshackles the slaveholder *from conscience.* That now bothers him. Colonization relieves him of the botheration. It relieves him like the real Brandreth.

(11) The slaveholder is the "necessity" and his colonizing apologist. There is no other.

(12) Colonization was popular at the south then, till Garrison attacked it. When their friend Garrison fell out with it, then the slaveholders grew suspicious of it, eh! What a pity he has such an influence in the south! If he is not put down, he will get the south so jealous of colonization, that Mr. Gurley can't go to lecture at "Natchez under the hill" without danger of lynching. Oh! that the the south should "follow such a leader" as this Garrison. He will get them so prejudiced against the colored people by sheer influence, that you can't get a slaveholder to accept an office by and by in a colonization society—and they will have to be filled by pro-slavery men up here who have a mind of their own and won't "follow Garrison!"

(13) Which did they do first,—look into their condition here, or look them out a better country abroad? How did they know a better country was wanted, before they saw their terrible condition here? It seems to us they must see this condition before they would think of colonization or the need of it—the disease before they would hunt for a remedy. But our author thinks that the cure comes up first—that the idea of colonizing led the good people to look into the negro's condition! No doubt it did. They first thought of colonizing him no doubt to get rid of him, and then looked into his condition as a pretext for it.

(14) Very good. A real argument. Colonization gave birth to anti-slavery. Thanks to colonization for that. So rum drinking gave occasion for the temperance society. Thanks to the drunkards. "Out of" their habits "has grown most of the real active anti-*rum* "spirit of the north."

(15) "Repulsive mingling." *Repulsion* won't *mingle.* It is attraction that *mingles.* Repulsion flies off. Who feels this repulsion of our writer—the white man or the colored man—or both? And if both or either, how are they going to mingle?—for remember, it is *a lawful* mingling, that colonization dreads. It is not the illicit mingling of the south. That is all well enough. That is not *free.* That needs no colonization.—It is *free* mingling—and it takes two to bring that about. That bargain it takes two to make.—Now can they make it, if one or both are full of *repulsion?* Will they marry in spite of each other—is there such an affinity between these repulsive colors, that they will commingle in spite of *repulsion?*—But it is repulsive to *others* and not to the parties. It is repulsive to dainty colonization nerves, that can't bear a free negro on the same continent. These nerves will grow less nice as the colorphobic temper dies out. The posterity of these negro haters never will marry him, until they get rid of the *phobia*, and then if they insist upon it and the colored party consents, why, terrible as will be the event, they must have their own way and marry. Perhaps the General Court might nullify it, and that would save the honor of the white, by illegitimatizing the contract. It would then be no worse than the present, right-honorable amalgamation of the South.

(16) It prepares the public mind for emancipation, as moderate drinking promotes the temperance reform. It does it "*indirectly*"—that is, not directly—in other words, directly the other way. It lets slavery alone, which is the *direct* way to keep it up. It maintains directly the doctrine on which slavery is founded—to wit, that colored people cant get along in freedom, in this country—that they an't up to *white* freedom—that they must have a *black* freedom or none—must go where freedom is as black as your hat, where it is tanned like the back of the *chimbly.* White rights these negroes an't fit for. They are fitted to *black* rights, such as grow in the nigger countries. They can rise off *there* (off *no where* rather) in Liberia, because there is nobody there above them. They are up there, because there is nobody higher than they. They dont *rise* by going. They only get where they are up without rising—where there is nothing and nobody to compare them to—like a boy at the foot of his class getting to the head by all the rest quitting it. The boy can't spell a word, but he gets up to the head right away—as quick as the spellers are all gone. So the niggers can all rise, in Liberia. They'll all get up t'the head there in a *jiffin.* And if you can get them all away from under our feet here, we shall be entirely clear of "this terrible crime and evil of our country." To be sure our disposition will remain the same, but we shall be *clear.*

(17) Zaccheus had not climbed the Sycamore tree to get away from Christ, but to get sight of him—and when Christ called him he made up his mind to be a christian, to give half his goods to the poor, and to "restore fourfold." It was this that led the Savior to invite him to come down—otherwise he would have talked to him as he did to the impenitent. Had Zaccheus been inclined to colonization, instead of abolition, had he plotted to drive the poor out of the country, into some Liberia about the dead sea, instead of giving them half his goods, and instead of paying the poor slave, "fourfold" or one quarter fold, had thought to get rid of his claim, by exiling him to the land of Nod, the Savior would have talked to him in different style. Let colonization learn a lesson of Zaccheus, and then it will not thus "*mangle*" scripture.

(18) He had better pay them the wages they have earned here. They can do well here, if colonization will let them have their fair earnings.

(19) Then this writer's reformation and that of his countrymen is hopeless, and their day of grace probably over.

(20) Colonization "*improves*" a heathen country by exterminating the inhabitants. It always did and it always will. The only way to improve a heathen country and preserve the people of it, is to send honest missionaries among them and set them a good example by being christians at home.

(21) Our country bears a glorious testimony of colonization christianity. It has almost exterminated the original people of the continent, and carries on the land, from which it has driven them, by *unpaid* and *defrauded* and *whipped labor.* This is our "large testimony." Perhaps colonization may bear as large in Africa in due time. It would, if the colonization society should colonize *itself* there. The spirit that sends the colored American to Africa to get him out of the way, would send the colored African out of the world, if it could not turn him to better account, by keeping him in slavery in it.

(22) We have nearly done noting. We meant to give one note for every dozen absurdities, but we have not room or time. "The cause is one," says our writer. What a libel on anti-slavery! That slavery is the same with liberty—driving a man out of the country to pay him for his wrongs, the same as doing him justice—the doctrine that he cant be a man among us, the same as that he can be—prejudice as brotherly affection—hate, as charity,—oh yes, all one cause, let us go on together. You beat down slavery and we will build it up. You banish *slavery* and we will *freedom.* You colonize slavery and we will colonize every colored man that an't a slave because he an't one. All one and the same! six off one and half a dozen of the other.

(23) "Sincere friends of the colored man" may differ. The colored man surely has a great *variety* of friends, and their friendship bears upon him in all sorts of ways. Some of it thinks native country death to him and that nothing will make him grow like foreign land—that he needs transplanting—that the neighborhood of christianity and republicanism are terribly unwholesome to him and the farther he gets from them the better, and when he gets out of hearing of them forever, then he can turn christian himself, and republican too, and can hold his own to go back where they both belong, provided he goes to return again and dont go to settle. Friendship to the colored man sends him abroad to see the world and explore new regions. It sends him to carry the gospel into heathen lands by powder and rum. Finally his friends have a high opinion of his powers and faculties. They think he can start from this country a perfect brute and nuisance, and become an evangelist (good enough at least for niggers) before he sails across the gulf stream, provided he keeps right ahead and dont think of looking back, and that he has a bodily constitution that will weather a climate that consumes human life at the rate of twice every three years. Save us from such *friends!*

Grafton.

We see this name of our old, beloved, native county, to an article in last week's Panoply, berating us in behalf of his late Excellency the *tetrarch* of Liberia. By the bye, we can scarcely speak gravely of that *mimickry* of a republic, and its *imitation* chief magistrates. If it were not for the sufferings involved in it, it would be as ludicrous as the mock celebrations of the poor Catos and Pompeys of old pro-slavery times on Boston common—(no more to be repeated—thanks to abolitionism). If nobody was sent to *the Republic* but the contrivers of it—if his Excellency's Liberian subjects were all good, tough colonizationists, dark enough to stand the court climate there according to the Governor—as dark as his Excellency himself—who came off safe from where he said the average life of a white man was not over a year and a half—if none but these *voluntary consenters* should go and play the colonist there, we should laugh immoderately at the idea of their republic's checking the slave trade that baffles the world's navies—civilizing Africa with gunpowder and christianizing it with rum. Truly a second Pilgrim Landing.

A more ridiculous farce was never played by grown-up children, and a crueller experiment was never made on human nature. And it will be dreadfully recompensed. If we do not succeed and give the white man a chance of making friends with the colored man,—if the rod of retribution ever comes into his *strong* hand, as it will if there is a just Providence above,—then, of all his wrongs he will most deeply remember and most signally revenge this mockery of his claims to humanity. *Injury* he can forgive;—but such *remedy* as this, never. It is not in human nature to forget or forgive *this colonization.* A people enslaved and wronged to the utmost of human infliction. Their oppressors undertake to redress their wrongs, and the *relief* and *recompence* they proffer, is BANISHMENT FROM THE FACE OF THE CIVILIZED EARTH.

But we suppose we must answer this "Grafton" though we grudge the time, paper and ink.

It charges us with denying freedom of speech to Governor Pinney, and to Rev. Messrs. Noyes and Burnham the right to introduce him to the pulpit and to hear him. The charge is unfounded. We never denied the Governor liberty of speech. We expressed our satisfaction that he undertook that mode of advocacy, rather than the former colonization mode—*the mob.* We did not oppose the Governor's *speaking*,—but only *what* he *spoke.* That and his purpose, we denounced, as we may and shall, and we allow him full scope to defend, in the same way. Rev. Mr. Noyes' right to aid him—usher him, hear him and pray for him, we never questioned. What we find fault with him for is another thing—It is for professing impartiality between abolitionists and colonizationists, and then inviting Governor Pinney into the pulpit on Sunday to advocate expatriation after *declining to invite* Mr. Bouton there unless on some other day than Sunday, on the ground that the Sabbath was not an appropriate day for an anti-slavery service. This is what we find fault with Mr. Noyes for, and this is what Grafton alludes to, in speaking of "what the man of the Herald says of Rev. Mr. Noyes." Whether the *gentleman* of the Panoply thinks "*man*" an inferior title to "Reverend Mister," we don't know. A coachman once called on a prince and asked him if he was the man that was going to ride to Windsor. Yes sir, said the prince. Well sir, said the driver, I am the *gentleman*, that's to drive you.—We think as highly of a coach driver, as of his brother man done up in prince's envelope,—but we really think a man as much above a *gentleman*, as the Panoply thinks a prince above a coachman, or a "reverend mister" above a "man."—This by the bye.

The charge against us in relation to Rev. Mr. Burnham is equally unfounded. We never questioned his right of speech, his right of prefering *Governor Pinney* to the editor of the "Nigger Herald"—or his *right* of going *wrong* in any matters of opinion,—but when he gives notices of a colonization and an abolition meeting, he should not speak reverently or worshipfully of the one, and turn up his reverend nose contemptuously at the other. But this is the way abolitionists have uniformly been treated by pro-slavery—especially by the pro-slaveey pulpit,—with all the trifling,—the fretful impatience, the disrespect and the insolence of the *plantation.* We *know all about it.* It has calmly shut the door of

our own meeting house in our face, and left us to the night air on the common. Slaveholding never was more *sovereignly* insolent than that. We tell Grafton and the other counties and *counts*—the "lords spiritual and temporal," that we submit to no such summary disposition of ourselves or our rights or our *cause*, while we can retain the common liberty of a "free negro." This by the bye is getting to be something of a liberty. They say it grows insolent in the cities—that it has got so it *keeps the side walk* and uses the *right of way*, and *looks sober* when you stare at it.

Grafton talks of our "monomania." We have been called by a reverend old acquaintance in that county, "*insane*," outright,—a young divinity student in Massachusetts told us a clergyman of Grafton county told him *seriously*, that we were "insane," and had been for some time.—Not "enthusiastic" and "fanatical" and "excited," and all those judicious words, but bona fide, *crazy, deranged*.

Grafton speaks of our fears, that "self evident schemes won't bear the test of examination." That a scheme is self-evident, is no sign it will bear the test of such examination as *Grafton's*. A bat can't see the sun. The little nocturnal flitter will wink at its *self-evident* brightness *at noon day and in good hay weather*. We can't convince Grafton. And there *is* much of this same wilful stupidity in the land.

We dismiss Grafton, saying only that we will answer him for "*changing our meeting*," when he shows us he is *interested* in that matter, and appears under his proper signature.

The Pennsylvania Freeman.

We deeply regret the indisposition of our peerless brother Whittier which withdraws him for the present from the chair of the Freeman. The cause will sorely miss his matchless pen. Perhaps it is to humble the abolitionists that he is thus disabled, for he was their pride. Aside from his anti-slavery, he was renowned in the land as a scholar and poet.—This renown he vested in our despised enterprise.—The world spoke the praises of Whittier and would gladly have detached him from our low-lived ranks and kept him for her own idol worship. The pro-slavery press plundered his deathless verse to adorn their paltry columns, as Napoleon did the classic realms he overrun to bring home trophies of the arts to set out his vulgar capital. They might plunder the poetry, but could not get the poet. The world could not tempt him from his poor brethren in bondage.

May heaven speedily restore him health and seat him again on the mound, where waved his graceful standard—the pride and the beauty of the anti-slavery field. We will wait patiently, however, for his "*restoration*," while the editorial *protectorate* is in such hands as our beloved brother Cartland's, whose beautiful epistle we here give to our readers.

PHILADELPHIA, 6mo 28, 1839.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The sky—the clear and glorious sky of Pennsylvania bends above me. Strange, unutterable thoughts rush into my mind, as I place my foot, for the first time, upon the threshold of slavery. Here indeed is liberty's frontier. One more bound, and the dark prison-house of the captive is spread out before me in horrid reality. But it is sufficient for me at least, to behold it only in imagination. I seek not to breathe the polluted air of yonder charnel house of souls; nor willingly rest my vision upon its unrevealed abominations. Rather let me stretch my aching ken away to the green hills of freedom, that have been left behind—to the land of noble deeds and the "nursery of giant men." Faithfully does the heart cling to to its native home among the mountains—and why should it not? Such have ever been the altars of freedom. The slave treads not the mountain fastnesses of the earth. Spirits nursed there are indomitable—their very location inspires them with a noble independence of character which is never borne by him whose home is on the barren waste, or who plods along his sluggish life beneath the withering influences of a torrid clime. Philip worshipped on Mount Hope; the Auricanians, from their strong holds among the Andes, have bidden defiance to all invaders, and will remain invincible to the last. Nature has piled up a fortress for the "brave and peaceful Swiss," and he seems to look down from his Alpine towers in conscious security. And how have the Caledonian hills been peopled by the unbowed and resolute Scot—loving his liberty as the noblest and dearest birthright he could inherit. The mountains of Europe and Asia, from time immemorial, have sent down upon the beautiful plains their swarms of fiery spirits; while the timid inhabitants of those soft and luxurious regions, have stooped before their ruthless invaders.—But why is my pen wandering thus? Yes, my heart *does* cling to New-England—to that spot which Whittier has made glorious in song:

> "Land of the forest and the rock,
> Of dark blue stream and mighty river,
> Of mountain reared aloft to mock
> The storm's career, the lightning's shock,
> My own green land forever!"

And with the same poet I might exclaim—and as enthusiastically too—

> "Oh, never shall this heart of mine,
> Where'er my wand'ring steps incline,
> Forget the sky that bent above
> My childhood, like a dream of love."

Do not accuse me of saying too much or of feeling too ardent, as I look back to the Pilgrim land; albeit the old time-worn *Rock* reflects only an associated glory upon our good "Granite State."

Well, Philadelphia is a noble city—worthy of its immortal founder—worthy of this great State—worthy indeed of the new world. It may emphatically be styled the Beautiful City. And how rich—how glorious are the recollections that cluster about it! Its origin bore the impress of a great philanthropic mind. Never before had there been such an achievement of moral power as that displayed by Penn in his intercourse with the red man. It was a triumph that put to shame the deeds of the warrior, while it rebuked the maxims and philosophy of the world. The stern and fiery spirit even of the savage, became quelled as he felt the hands of kindness resting upon him. Justice won a peaceful victory over hearts which the sword and the bayonet might never subdue. And why does the light of this example shine, as it were, in vain? Why is the world yet distrustful of an unchangable Deity? Why have they not learned to treat their fellow creatures as MEN—as reasoning, feeling men—"made of one blood" and crowned with the same immortal hopes? Must the "sword devour forever?" Shall oppression continue to crush down its victims? Shall freedom and right never be enthroned on the earth, clad in their proper vestments of purity and love? Alas, the green valley still drinks in the crimson gore—and the sigh of the fettered bondman still rings up to heaven.

Immediately after my arrival in this city, I walked to Independence Hall, where the stern old patriots congregated in the "time that tried men's souls." I felt that it was worth a whole pilgrimage hither to stand once in young liberty's temple—to commune in spirit with men who had with such clearness of vision, seen and expounded the *rights of man*. And this was the *first* building that I entered—and the *first pause* that I made was to place my foot upon the marble steps from which the Declaration of Independence was read to the assembled multitude in the green and beautiful square in front.—What thoughts rushed in upon me at the moment! How like a glorious vision the past spread itself before the mind's eye. From that Hall had gone forth to the world, the bold and hitherto unrecognized truth that "ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL"—a truth which is destined, in the providence of God to shake down the thrones of despotism and unclench the hand of every oppressor. It is the Archimedean fulcrum by means of which the moral world can be uplifted. The little spark that was struck out here, and that too by some self-educated mechanics, is kindling and blazing before the astonished nations; while the down-trodden of every clime and complexion are anxiously turning to witness its triumphant course. They behold the sign of their deliverance flaming in its midst—a sign, which the promises of revelation and the promptings of the heart tell us shall never be extinguished until the purposes of the Deity have been fully accomplished. What a sublime moment was that when a few despised men—despised as *rebels* and *incendiaries*—dared to hurl that startling Declaration in the face of a slaveholding world. It is no wonder then that the heart should stir with irrepressible emotions, as we stand on a spot of such thrilling associations. The scene and the reflection seems to be doubly dear to the poor fire-tried abolitionist. He too knows something of the "time that tries men's souls." He feels that the great truth uttered there by our fathers *is still* a truth; and is no mockery of language—no "rhetorical flourish." It is for him to re-adopt the noble sentiment and preach it anew to the people. May he do it manfully as becomes one commissioned in a great cause.

Here too is *Pennsylvania Hall*—that *was*—still lifting its dark, and fire-scathed walls as a mournful monument of mob-loving fury. It teaches a sad lesson to the sojourner in this city of *Brotherly Love;* and leads him to suppose that there is now no magic in the name of Philadelphia. Let the ruins remain to remind the community of the slave tyranny which exacts homage from them. It may possibly serve the good purpose of turning people's thoughts to a consideration of their own disgrace, as "some individuals are shamed into sobriety by the sight of a drunkard." Our brother Whittier however is turning the matter to good account, by consecrating a relic from its ruins with a noble burst of his own stirring poetry. He has been presented with a walking-cane made from the wood which the fire spared. Will it not be *Heralded* among the White Mountains? I hope so. Here is one stanza:

> "That temple now in ruin lies—
> The fire-stain on its shattered wall,
> And open to the changing skies
> Its black and roofless hall;
> It stands before a Nation's sight,
> A grave-stone over buried Right!"

I have room to say no more. May blessings rest upon the old Granite State, and her champions of freedom speedily triumph!

Farewell,

M. A. CARTLAND.

For the Herald of Freedom

Br. Rogers,—I suppose that the Devil appeared very little like himself, when he came to the happy abode of our first parents, and accomplished the infamous purpose that

'Brought death into the world, and all our woe.'

He was no doubt very mild and 'bland,' like the Rev. R. R. Gurley. And probably he manifested an "*excellent spirit*," as does His Excellency from the coast of Africa. And has the world never heard of that saying—"Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light?" And has it never been thought of, that the most nefarious designs that were ever formed or executed, have been carried on by those whose external demeanor is 'bland' and inoffensive—those whose nerves are under perfect control—those who can look death and hell in the face without blushing? It ought to be thought of. It ought to be known. Let those who have virtue to be protected—let those who have hearts that can be influenced—let all who have interests at stake upon the great highway to eternity, remember that there is a class of men whose hearts cannot possibly be known. They are the immovable class, and can appear to be moved when it is convenient. They are the class who have no emotions, and can appear to have them *to suit customers*. They can look you in the face with a smile, just as they grasp the weapon that is destined to your heart. Such a man is Gov. Pinney. His heart I do not judge. I only speak of his natural endowments. He may be an excellent christian. But he is well qualified for a rogue. You might as well look for a blush upon his hand as upon his face; and upon a turtle's back as upon either. If this had not been the case, he would not have said what he did, in the face and eyes of the Conference at Lamprey River. By what he said I was reminded of a description I once heard of a notorious liar. "He would look you seriously in the face, and tell you what he knew was a lie, and what *he* knew that *you* knew was a lie." For instance, he expended much of his eloquence upon the great point in the colonization scheme, that the blacks never can be elevated while they remain among the whites. He consigned the blacks to hopeless degradation, upon the supposition that they are never separated from the whites. In regard to this, I wanted to tell him that he asserted what I knew to be false. I wanted to ask him if he ever heard of Lemuel Haynes, who married "a well educated and pious white lady under circumstances which met the unanimous approbation of ministers and others," as says his biographer, and who labored in the gospel in Middle Granville, Mass., "with great acceptance," five years—in Torrington, Conn. two years,—in Rutland, Vt. thirty years, and in "the delightful village of Manchester," four years. It is not true that nobody would settle a colored minister, or employ him as a physician. I would, and I know that thousands of others would. It is not true that the blacks cannot be elevated here, because it is not pretended that any thing besides their color prevents; and that is no obstacle to their elevation at the south (although he said that was the case) where there is the greatest possible familiarity between the races. We do know that the southern people have no prejudice against color. There would be none at the north if it were not for our superstitions and aristocratical education. Children of different colors that are brought up together, never know any thing of it. It cannot be true, that the colored people cannot be elevated here, because that prejudice against color which constitutes the only obstacle is criminal—is injustice to our fellow man—is a source of indiscribable evil to him, and will disappear as fast as light and love increases.—I wanted to tell Governor Pinney, that, as he was advocating colonization on this ground, he was himself an oppressor, and was advocating a scheme that came out of oppressors' hearts, and was sustained by oppressors' hands, and was adapted to perpetuate oppression till the end of the world. I could have proved the fact to him by putting two or three things that he said together, and bringing out the result.—1. The blacks cannot rise here. 2. Colonization is the only way to relieve them. 3. Colonization is not to be looked upon as a remedy for slavery; i. e. the black race can never be carried off. I ask why this is not saying that the black race must forever remain in their degradation? Why is it not virtually advocating perpetual slavery? And yet the colonizationist loves the black man! O how strange! I am indignant at such a pretence. Let the poor colored man never fall into the hands of such friends. I wanted to ask Governor Pinney if he was not ashamed to get up and tell us that the colonization society had been extensively opposed among slaveholders, when the presidents of the society have been slaveholders from the beginning, and when the whole slaveholding south has been in its favor (with very few exceptions) so far as its object has been understood. I wanted to ask him if he meant to give the impression that almost all the slaveholders are *not pro-slavery*, when he said that *not one of the* PRO-SLAVERY *men of the south had ever given a dollar to the colonization society*. This was what he meant. According to this, Henry Clay is not a pro-slavery man, and the slave-trader Bushrod Washington, too, was free from the charge of pro-slavery. Governor Pinney was thus pleading the innocency of the land pirates of the south. He was trying to stir up our compassion for those *who don't know how to get rid of their slaves* but who would hang an abolitionist as soon as they would kill a rattlesnake. I wanted to tell Governor Pinney that the anti-slavery enterprise began long before the movements in the Virginia Legislature took place, which he said looked so favorable to emancipation, but which were checked by the springing up of the principles of the abolitionists. And I wanted to tell him, too, as he pretended all the time to be mightily opposed to slavery, i. e. as a *colonizationist*, that his society has nothing to do with the abolition of slavery constitutionally; and that it had committed whoredom time and again with the old Southern Baby'on—that it had said to her—"This Society does not interfere in any way with the rights of the proprietors of slaves"—"The execution of its scheme would augment, instead of diminishing, the value of the PROPERTY left behind"—"contributes to the continuance and strength of the system," &c. &c. I wanted to tell him that the free colored people as a body, had repudiated the colonization society, when Wm. Lloyd Garrison was a little boy, and there never could be any such thing as colonizing the colored people *upon their own free consent*, until the doctrine is given up, that they cannot rise here—until we cease to tell them that they may be free if they will go, but shall be slaves if they remain. I wanted to tell the Governor some other things which I have not room to mention. Perhaps it is well that I had not the privilege. I pray God that the falsehoods that he states may not be believed—that the recent desperate attempt to bring the colonization scheme to life may prove abortive—and that the cause of the oppressed may go on until all in bonds shall become the Lord's freemen.

JOHN LEBOSQUET.

July 16, 1839.

For the Herald of Freedom.

The way Anti-Slavery is 'dying away' in Massachusetts.

Three years ago the fourth of the present July the Belknap street Sabbath School in Boston composed of colored children had a celebration, and in the order of exercises was an original hymn prepared by one of the teachers, which was calculated to create sympathy for the slave. This raised the *ire* of the Boston Recorder which assailed it severely. This year upon the same occasion the Boston Sabbath School Union had a celebration and the order of exercises contained the following hymn which was sung with fine effect by the juvenile choir accompanied by the organ. Must it not have grated rather harshly upon the musical sensibilities of such dignitaries as Hubbard Winslow and his reverend cotemporaries who so fear the agitation of the "slave question" as to continue to refuse to read even a notice of the monthly concert of prayer for the removal of this national curse.

W. B. T.

> Heard ye the mighty rushing?
> As a storm-waked sea it came;
> 'Twas a nation's deep rejoicing
> For her proud and spotless name.
> Land of my sleeping fathers!
> O'er thee no chain is flung;
> Through all thy verdant valleys
> The shout of joy is rung.
>
> Wide o'er thy rolling rivers,
> Thy fair and sunny plains,
> And up thy woody mountains,
> The soul of freedom reigns.
> Land of my sleeping fathers!
> O'er thee no chain is flung;
> Through all thy verdant valleys
> The shout of joy is rung.
>
> And is there then no shadow
> To dim this hallowed mirth?
> And shall thy name, my country,
> Be the watchword o'er the earth?
> Are all the captives loosened?
> The fettered *slave* set free?
> Is his crushed spirit gladdened
> On this day of jubilee?
>
> Say to the captive, toiling
> In freedom's proud abode,
> 'Cast off thy fetters, brother,
> Take back the GIFT OF GOD.'
> Let not oppression linger
> Where starry banners wave;
> Swell high the shout of freedom,
> Let it echo for the SLAVE!

Mr. Webster

Might have had his name next to that of Washington. He had the talents and the opportunities [illegible] country? He has made eloquent speeches, and it has turned out that they were needless, and to all practical purposes useless. If he has effected any thing, it is only that some of his splendid figures of speech have made us superstitious idolaters of "the Union,"—the Union right or wrong. He saw the independence of his own half of the Union, trampled on—its free citizens threatened with hanging—its dearest rights drawn down to support the shame of his country, and his age—and he was SILENT. In that silence he shrunk from his country's history;—he hovers, for the present, about the limbo of politics—a mere candidate for oblivion—a man that *might* have been, but never was, nor never will be. Not that he has lost the chance of being President. He might have been so, and continued a cypher. He has lost the chance of *doing a deed* which would have thrown in the shade a hundred dynasties of Presidents. We are sorry for such great men, who can never get out of the potential mood. Mr. Webster has publicly declined, from the city of London, being a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Clay, no doubt feels relieved. Has the free North not a man as good as the holder of 50 *human chattels!*—*Mass. Abol.*

"*The Good Samaritan Reliever.*"—A new title, but happily chosen. The Pennsville (Morgan co.) Colonization Society, at a meeting held May 11th, passed a resolution the first clasce of which reads as follows:

"Resolved, That Colonization is to American servitude, the Good Samaritan reliever"

Right for once! Abolitionists would pass such a resolution by acclamation. Colonization *is* the "Good Samaritan reliever" of American *slavery*. We all know what the Good Samaritan did. He had compassion on the wounded man' "and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him."—*Philanthropist.*

National Convention at Albany.—Too much importance can scarcely be attached to the coming Convention at Albany. The time approaches, and our friends in every part of the state and of the country, should be on the alert to secure a good attendance. Anti-Slavery Societies should send full delegations. Will the officers see to this in due season? Every abolitionist should be on the spot who can possibly attend.—*Friend of Man.*

Pro-Slavery Testimony.—The "Madisonian," a pro-slavery paper of the so-called "Conservative" party, published at Washington city, has an article respecting "Abolitionism," which concludes as follows:

"The abolitionists are *not* dead—they only sleep. Their stillness is of that awful kind which announces the forth-coming of some mighty revulsion of nature. Let the conductors of every democratic press in the Union stand on the watchtower and sleep not, for they know not at what hour of the night the enemy cometh."

Anti-Slavery Conventions.—"Does the Spectator mean that those [anti-slavery] conventions are to keep alive the "reckless spirit of fanaticism?"—*Susq. Register.*

"Reckless spirit of fanaticism" means, in the slaveholder's dictionary, what a high toned resolve to maintain equal rights does in the freeman's. These conventions will foster and cherish this spirit. Clay's speech is not a straw in its way. THE QUESTION OF AMERICAN SLAVERY IS THE ABSORBING QUESTION OF THE DAY, AND WILL CONTINUE TO RECEIVE ATTENTION TILL SLAVERY OR LIBERTY TRIUMPH. Mark that!—*Montrose Spectator.*

How Happy They are.—A little boy in one of the slave-breeding states of this Union, who knows that he is liable to be taken for the debts of his deceased master, and torn away from his beloved mother, brothers and sisters, and sold to go off to the South, has such feelings on the subject, and such an abhorrence and dread of the soul-drivers who go around buying children and young people, that a lady who lives near him, says in a letter now before us, "I knew him at one time to be thrown into a violent spasm, the effects of which he did not get over for some days, at seeing a drove of his poor unfortunate fellow-beings hand-cuffed and chained, pass through the streets of ———." Where is the child that would not pity that little boy? But there are in this country, half a million of little boys, situated just like him, and the Anti-Slavery Society has undertaken to get them all free. Who will help?

The Raymond, Miss. Times, of the 31 inst., came to us with about one eighth of a column of reading matter, the remainder of the paper being completely filled with advertisements of *sheriffs' sales.*—*N. O. Bee.*

OBITUARY.

In Newton, Mass. July 8, Miss Caroline E. Preston, daughter of Michael Preston Esq. of Hill N. H. aged 20, *of typhus fever.*

In Grantham, May 26, Marshall Eaton, aged 19.

In Monrovia, Africa, Elder Tabb Smith pastor of a Baptist church.

In Monrovia, Africa, Elder J. B. Barton of the Methodist church.

The MONTHLY CONCERT of Prayer for Slaves, and the peaceful abolition of American Slavery, on *Monday evening next* at the Vestry of the Baptist Church at half-past seven o'clock.

The MONTHLY MEETING of the Concord Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the BAPTIST VESTRY, on Wednesday next, at two o'clock, P. M.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

The friends of universal liberty in Concord and vicinity will celebrate this glorious day, by a public meeting, at half past seven o'clock in the evening. Notice of the place of meeting will be seasonably given.

NOTICE.

The Rev. MR. BOUTON, of Concord, it is expected will deliver an Address on the subject OF AUGUST next, at CHICHESTER, in the Congregational meeting-house—in commemoration of the Abolition of Slavery in the British West India Islands. The neighboring towns of Epsom, Pittsfield and Loudon are respectfully invited to attend on the occasion. The public exercises will commence at 3 o'clock, P. M.

RUFUS A. PUTNAM.

Chichester, July 22, 1839.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Young Men's State Anti-Slavery Society, July 5th, it was voted to send a delegation to attend the Convention at Albany, July 31st. The following gentlemen were appointed:—

Antrim, Cyrus Baldwin.
Canaan, Horace S. Currier.
Concord, Hale E. Crosby.
Derry, Rev. Wm. H. Brewster.
Dover, Enoch S. Sherman.
Exeter, Dr. Perley D. Blodgett.
Gilford, Rev. Aurora M. Swain.
Haverhill, Timothy K. Blaisdell.
Lebanon, Hammond Buzzell.
Lyme, Irenus Hamilton, Freeman Jocelyn, Maj. Harris Allen.
Meredith, George S. Towle.
Milford, Rev. Abner B. Warner.
New-Ipswich, Henry Adams, Wm. W. Johnson.
Nottingham, Rev. John LeBosquet.

Call for the National Convention.

At the last anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, it was voted to hold a National Convention at Albany on the 31st day of July next. The undersigned were appointed a Committee to issue a CALL and make the necessary arrangements for the proposed Convention.

In executing the wishes of the Society, they accordingly most cordially invite all such FREEMEN OF THE UNITED STATES AS ADOPT THE PRINCIPLES EMBODIED IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY to meet in Convention at Albany on the last Wednesday of July next, in the 4th Presbyterian meeting house, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The object of the Convention is the thorough discussion of those great principles which lie at the foundation of the abolition enterprise throughout the civilized world; and of the measures which are suited to its accomplishment in the United States, and especially those which relate to the proper exercise of the right of suffrage by citizens of the free States. All questions and matters foreign to this object will be cautiously avoided in the deliberations of the occasion.

W. L. CHAPLIN, WM. GOODELL,	Utica.
JOSHUA LEAVITT, H. B. STANTON,	New-York.
GURDON GRANT,	Troy.
N. SAFFORD, A. G. ALDEN, HIRAM FANNING, NATHAN COLBURN	Albany.

Notice.

THE Co partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Bacheller and Morrison was on the 12th day of July dissolved by mutual consent. All demands in favor and against said firm will be adjusted by N. S. Bacheller.

N. S. BACHELLER,
J. W. MORRISON.

London, July, 17, 1839 3w*

POETRY.

Jonathan's Independence.

Written for the 4th of July Temperance celebration in Boston, by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT.

Tune—*Yankee Doodle.*

Says Jonathan, says he, "To-day
I will be independent,
And so my grog I'll throw away,
And that shall be the end on't.
Clear the house! the tarnal stuff
Shan't be here so handy;
Wife has given the winds her snuff,
So now here goes the brandy!
Chorus.—Clear the house, &c.

Our fathers though a sturdy folk,
Were sometimes rather skittish;
And so they would'nt wear the yoke
Brought over by the British.
Yonder, on old Bunker's head,
From their necks they shook it;
There they fired off their lead,
And *then they had to hook it.*
Chorus.—Yonder on, &c.

But though they fit and run away,
They won't a bit of cowards,
They lived to fight another day,
When looking Gin'ral Howe-wards.
What could then the Gin'ral do
For his own salvation?
Why, 'he cuss'd and quit' the universal Yankee nation.
Chorus.—What could then, &c.

The tyrant that our fathers smoked
Lay skulkin in a tea-pot;
There's now 'a worser' to be chokad,
In bottle, jug, or wee-pot;
Often in a glass he shows
What he calls his 'body;'
And often wacks up to his nose,
In a bowl of toddy.
Chorus.—Often in the glass, &c.

Sometimes he creeps up through the slim
Stem of a very fine pipe;
And often plunges for a swim,
All over in a wine pipe;
But he's tickled most of all,
When he hears the summons
Down his favorite pipes to crawl—
The wind pipes of the rum 'uns.
Chorus.—But he's tickled, &c.

And when he gets the upper hand,—
This tyrant base and scurvy—
He strips a man of house and land,
And turns him topsy turvy.
Neck and heels he binds him fast,
And says that he is his'n;
And lets him have, root free at last,
A poor house or a prison.
Chorus.—Neck and heels, &c.

And now, says Jonathan, tow'rds rum
I'm desperate unforgivin';
The tyrant ne'er more shall come
Into 'the house I live in;'
Kindred spirits, too, shall into outer darkness go forth;
Whiskey, Toddy, Julep, Gin,
Brandy, Beer, and so forth.
Chorus.—Kindred spirits, &c.

While this COLD WATER fills my cup,
Duns dare not assail me;
Sheriffs shall not lock me up,
Nor my neighbors bail me;
Lawyers will I never let
'Choose me as defendant;'
Till to death I pay my debt,
I WILL BE INDEPENDENT.
Chorus.—Lawyers will I never let, &c.

MISCELLANY.

AMERICAN SLAVERS.

What, *under the sun*, has the North to do with slavery? "We are all anti-slavery in feeling and principle—we only differ in *spirit* and in regard to *measures*."—For the *spirit* see Pennsylvania Hall and for *measures*, ships for the slave trade—*measures* full and *heaped up*. Look at your *Consulate*—head-quarters of kidnapping. See below.

THE HISPANO-AMERICAN SLAVERS—EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPEMENTS.—This city was thrown into a state of great excitement on Wednesday, by the arrival, at quarantine, of H. B. M. brig, Buzzard, with two slavers as her prizes. The sensation was deepened when the rumor of their being American vessels, and manned by American crews, was circulated. The excitement was so great, and the anxiety to learn respecting their capture, increased so fast, that we thought it advisable to step on board the 'Teazer,' visit them, and gather all we could in relation to the slave-trade, and the seizure of the brig Eagle, and the schooner Clara, by Captain Fitzgerald, of the Buzzard.

Accordingly we took our seat in the stern sheet of the 'Teazer,' gave the order 'give way, my lads,' and were quickly swept past Governor's Island, and as rapidly approaching Staten Island. There were upwards of fifty square-rigged vessels lying at quarantine, of all sizes and of all shapes, but as we neared Dr. Rockwells pier, we instantly pointed out the slavers, they carrying their trade in their looks. They are long, low, sharp, piratical, rakish-looking vessels—They lay low, and their masts rake most awfully. The brig has her name painted on the stern, with a large, gilt, spread eagle beneath—the name of the port where she did belong was painted out. She is a complete slaver—her slave deck is in, with space only two feet and a half high, and ring bolts and manacles ready for one or more hundred of poor black wretches. Her provision casks and ledgers were all on board when captured by the Lily.

We will be brief with the brig, as we have before mentioned her.

She was captured by the Lily sloop of war in January last and carried to Sierra Leone, where she was detained a short time, and discharged by the Spanish authorities, because her commander, Joshua W. Littig, exhibited American papers; but her prize master, Mr. Boys, remained in her, determined to sift the matter, and consequently sailed for the Sierra Leone for the purpose of communicating with the British commander. When on Lagos bar, she was hailed and boarded by the Buzzard, as we have already stated. Mr Boys, of course, gave her up to his superior officer, but still continued prize-master.

The Clara, commanded by Samuel B Hooker, was captured in the river Nun, by the boats of the Buzzard, early in March. To show the caution with which Capt. Fitzgerald acted, we will state the particulars Understanding there was a Spanish slaver up the river, he cruized at its mouth for several weeks, and daily sent up boats to reconnoitre—landing Mr. Grant several times for the purpose of getting information from the kings of the several African hordes; but nothing could be gleaned from them. After becoming pretty well satisfied, however, that such a vessel as the Clara was in the river, Captain F. dispatched the yawl, manned with twelve men and officers, to proceed up the Nun and take possession of her. At a considerable distance up, anchored close in the bend of the river, they discovered and boarded her. Captain Hooker and two Spaniards only were on board, the rest being on shore. Mr. Grant demanded the slaver's papers, and was not to be searched.

While this was going on, one of the English officers took a spy glass to scan the shore. Capt. H., upon seeing this, sprang forward, passed his hand before it, and said, 'You don't understand this glass; you cannot get the right focus.' But the officer had the focus so nearly that he discovered the Barracoons filled with negroes and also saw on shore the slave decks, rice casks and ledgers. He also saw the red caps of the Spaniards peeping from behind the Barracoons and over the underbrush.—This was sufficient, and the Clara was taken as a Spanish slaver, sailing under false colors and papers. Having American registers, although cut, it was a delicate matter for Capt. Fitzgerald to capture them; but the Registers being cut, and having a Spanish crew, he thought it best to take her and the Eagle in charge, and bring them to New York, subject to the orders of the government of the United States. After leaving the coast of Africa, they touched at Havana, where the slavers were owned, and a long correspondence on their capture between Capt. Fitzgerald and the Spanish owners. The correspondence Capt. F. took with him to Washington yesterday morning. We shall publish it in the course of a week. It will develope something that will astonish the people of this country. Merchants in this city are engaged largely in this trade.

In the mean time the Buzzard and her two prizes will remain in our harbor. The mate and the steward of the Eagle, and the mate and the boatswain of the Clara, have been brought here to act as witnesses in case a trial should be ordered. The Spanish crews were landed at Havana. The log book of the Clara is a singular document. It contains a regular price current of slaves and all their transactions. This was kept by the mate against the wish of Captain Hooker, and is alone sufficient to convict them. The cut registers, as they are called, were obtained by both captains at Havana, and, should a trial take place, some developements will be made in relation to them that will be standing.

There are upwards twenty American built vessels, officered by Americans, engaged in this trade, and they all have these cut registers, which were obtained from the same source—and that source is *supposed to be the American consulate at Havana.* The British cruisers have several times captured them, but invariably gave them up upon seeing their papers. Now they are determined to see if it is really true that such vessels can sail under the American flag while engaged in the slave trade, and have therefore captured and brought these vessels to New York for this purpose.

The whole affair will be laid before our government in a few days, and arrangements will undoubtedly be entered into, or ought to be, with the English government, in regard to the future management of these important matters!

From the Emancipator.

Jamaica.

The opponents to West India emancipation abroad, and the abettors of American slavery at home, have watched with an eager eye for evidence of the evils of liberty. A large portion of the daily and weekly presses of the city have carefully passed by unnoticed all information which shows the safety and advantage of emancipation.—Among those, and among men of a more sacred calling in this city, there is an evident exultation when any unfavorable news is borne across the waters, come it from a source ever so deeply tainted; and there is a badly concealed mortification, when truth is borne to this *liberty-loving land*, whelming in confusion all their frightful forebodings. Their countenances have brightened when disasters present or prospective have been reported, and have gathered darkness and gloom when tidings are brought at which angels would rejoice.

West India emancipation has been a revealer of the secrets of many hearts. It has tested their professed opposition to slavery. It has shown that the restoration of hundreds of thousands to the rights which God has conferred upon them, in creating them moral agents, wakes up no gratitude no sympathy but for those whose unjust power is broken, no rejoicings. And yet, some of those very men, while their conduct—their rueful or their brightening countenances—place the real feelings of their hearts in noon-day light, assert, without apparent sense of shame, that they are opposed to slavery!

To what shifts men are driven, may be seen in the following anecdote, which is but a specimen of the absurdities to which such men are every day driven.

A Presbyterian minister in the West, who had voted some of the strongest anti-slavery resolutions which have passed any ecclesiatical body there, in conversation on the subject, maintained that under these resolutions he could be a gradualist, if he thought that the best mode of removing the evil. "Yes, Mr. ——, provided immediate emancipation be unsafe." "Well I do think it to be unsafe." "Brother ——, have you read Thome and Kimball, and Hovey?" "No." "As a minister of the Gospel—an instructor of the people—and especially after the vote you have recently given, you are under obligations to inform yourself on the subject. A great experiment has just been made in this matter, and having the means of information, if you judge erroniously, you incur as much guilt as if you err from this voluntary ignorance, as from wilful error." "I wouldn't read Thome and Kimball—they went there to prove a certain thing—they were prejudiced, and I wouldn't believe their account."—"Are they not men of truth? Is not their moral character fair? Would you think it just for a Christian brother to denounce you as unworthy of credit, when testifying in a matter about which you had wishes that it should be as you found it?" "Well, it is immaterial what is the result in the West Indies—if immediate emancipation was safe there, it does not follow that it would be safe in Kentucky." "Why not?" "Because the circumstances and condition of the two countries are entirely different." "Yes, I know they are different; but what is that difference which makes emancipation safe in one and not in the other?" "O they differ in every way—they are altogether unlike."—"Well, what are some of the particular things in which they differ so as to render an example in the one unsafe as a precedent in the other?" "O there are a great many differences." "It is easy, then, to mention some of them." "Well, in the West Indies, the negroes are low, degraded, ignorant—much less intelligent and civilized than in Kentucky; have been kept under the worst oppression, badly fed, badly clothed," &c. "while in Kentucky they have been kindly treated, well fed and clothed, are much more intelligent and elevated," &c., (describing very vividly the contrast between the West India and Kentucky slaves.) "That is true, brother; and you will find from the work of Thome and Kimball, and Hovey, that your description of the West India blacks, compared with those in this country, is fully corroborated. I believe you have correctly described the differences. Now I can see plainly enough the needed preparation for which you contend. The negroes of Kentucky must be more oppressed, worse clothed, worse fed, more severely worked, made more ignorant and degraded—reduced, in fine, to the condition of the blacks in the West Indies, and then it will be safe to emancipate them."

There was an obvious reason for our conversation's breaking off in this point. An anti-abolitionist, who was a silent listener, was utterly amazed at this mode of opposing immediate emancipation. I think I have given essentially the language used, though of course abbreviated.

We have headed this article "Jamaica," because we took up our pen to refer to information of an interesting character from that island on our third page.

The difference seems now in a great measure confined to this island. Nowhere was emancipation so bitterly opposed, and nowhere have the whites taken such unwearied pains to produce the failure and the ruin which they have predicted. Whatever difficulties have existed there, we have every reason to believe, have been caused by the enemies of emancipation. And despite of all this, there is peace in the island; and they who will treat the blacks kindly, and pay a fair price for labor, find no difficulty in commanding laborers. C.

Fourth of July in Boston.

The second war for independence as our readers are already informed, has commenced in good earnest on the very spot where the first blood was spilt in the old struggle; and we are happy to say with a result, although bloodless, even more glorious to the patriots. A Boston correspondent of the Journal of Commerce gives the following account of the events of the 4th inst., in the cradle of liberty. It will be seen that the red faces smarting under their recent discomfitures, abandoned the field on that occasion, not one of them daring to show his colors, while the patriots mustered 1500 strong. Thus compelled to leave Boston, the enemy, as in the old war, may attempt a concentration of his forces in New-York; but we trust it will not be seven years before we shall have occasion here to celebrate a grand evacuation day. From a circular which we publish on our last page, it will be seen that measures are already proposed looking to that result. Success to them!—*N. Y. Observer.*

Boston, July 5, 1839.

The anniversary of our nation's birth is over. The old cradle of liberty has been well rocked by the children of the Boston rebels. The roar of cannon and the ringing of bells ushered in the day. A splendid line of firemen all perfectly equipped with their engines and horses, were out upon the Common at half-past five. At 8, we saw beautiful processions of Sabbath School children moving in every direction and gathering at the Marlborough Chapel. At half-past eight we were attracted by an immense procession of the carmen of Boston and Charlestown, all in clean white frocks, well mounted, and proceeding to some place of entertainment. At 9, the civic procession of his Honor the Mayor, his Excellency the Governor, &c. &c. moved from the City Hall to the Odion, where an Oration was delivered by a Mr. Austin. But that on which all eyes here (excepting the liquor dealers and old soakers) were most fixed, was the temperance celebration. The procession moved at half-past one from the Quincy Market, headed by a band of music, and embracing more than 1500 true cold water men, up State street through Cornhill, and down to old Faneuil Hall, where tables elegantly set and well furnished for the occasion were all perfectly filled. Not twenty more could have been accommodated with seats. The animal nature being first satisfied, we composed ourselves for the feast of reason and the flow of soul, or as president Quincy called it, a "cold water jollification." Nor was ever an assembly more highly gratified. After an opening address from Edward Brooks, Esq., president of the day, on the glorious deeds of the revolution, and the like glorious deeds of the temperance reformation, a series of sentiments were offered by him, which were supported by addresses from Rev. J. Marsh, Cor. Sec. of the Amer. Temp. Union, Hon. Mr. Hoar of Concord, Attorney Gen. Austin, President Quincy, Dr. Pierson of Salem, Mr. Rantoul of Beverly, Mr. Savage, Rev. Mr. Rogers, S. T. Armstrong, Esq., F. A. Boles, Esq., Rev. Robert Baird, and other gentlemen, all of whom were received with thundering applauses. Several fine songs were interspersed, one of which I send you, written by Mr. Pierpont, which will go down to posterity with its great original. No evidence was wanting through the whole that a sufficient "jollification" could be held without maddening wine, and evidence was furnished of the good order of one of the most exhilarating scenes ever witnessed, in the fact that not an article of cookery was broken. All retired at 7, feeling that it was a proud day for Boston and for temperance. In the evening, 50,000 persons were out upon the common viewing the fire works which was truly magnificent. The fifteen gallon law I believe, was well observed yesterday throughout this great city. I walked through all the stalls about the common and in other places, and saw nothing stronger than lemonade and small beer; yet never did I see a more happy population; nor do I think that any family was made wretched at night by the return of a drunken son, husband or father. Glorious day for America.

Yours, &c.

Encouragement of Honesty.

It has been often questioned whether our benevolent institutions, such as Bible and Missionary Societies, do not, by receiving the donations of slaveholders, without a word of rebuke, encourage that violation of the fundamental laws of property by which slaveholders chiefly acquire their wealth.—There seems to be something wrong in taking the money of domestic *heathenizers* for the conversion of the foreign heathen. We are afraid the friends of missions, and especially those who are charged with providing for our numerous missionaries, are apt to let the "liberality" of the slaveholders chant their faithfulness in behalf of the slave. It would be strange if they did not. We see this question is agitated in Vermont. The Vermont Chronicle contains a long letter complaining of the course of Col. J. P. Miller on this subject. The gallant Colonel, in his lectures, came down upon the American Board in a way that we think they would do well to receive as a caution, if nothing more. The writer in the Chronicle thus reports:—*Mass. Abolitionist.*

"In his second lecture Col. Miller said, 'the church is not right on this subject,' and 'we must get the church right.' He said, in substance, 'the church is receiving money from the slave states, and employing it to support missionaries in preaching the gospel to the heathen.' In this connexion he asked, 'What is the difference between this and the selling of indulgences.' Here he held up to ridicule the A. B. C. F. M. as follows.—'Dr. Anderson comes from the Post Office with a letter, and on entering the Missionary Rooms, opens it and finds it to be a letter from Dea. Lookout, of Virginia, enclosing $500 as a donation to the Board. Dr. Anderson turns to his associate secretaries, and says, see here! here are $500 from Dea. Lookout, of Virginia! What a pious and liberal man! How these abolitionists do slander those southern christians! Why, here is more than the whole town of Middlebury have given us during any two, three or five years.' 'Suppose Dr. Anderson should write back to Dea. Lookout, and ask if the $500 were the price of human flesh, saying, if it were he could not receive it, don't you think that very pious christian's conscience would be disturbed?' I give the language only, for I cannot give the looks, the gestures, the various tones, which greatly increased the effect, and tended to throw much more ridicule on Dr. A. and the Board."

From the Philanthropist.

Another Peter fallen.

May 27, 1839.

Mr. Editor:—Sir, the case of J. K. Paulding, inserted in the Philanthropist of the 14 inst., reminds me of an incident at college, which a little electrified me, in the winter of 1837 and '38. A junior class was up for recitation, and something occured which induced me to mention the case of a negro sale in Georgia, and referred for proof of my assertions to their familiar and favorite author, Peter Parley. The boys hunted, but the story was like the Irishman's flea, it was not there. The enquiry then was, what could this mean? How could the teacher be so mistaken? And what could make him so very confident about it too? Presently the mystery was unravelled; one of the young gentlemen said, 'Sir, their's is a later edition, and it is not in theirs, mine is an earlier edition, and it's in mine.' I then referred to my diurnal, into which it was copied, December 5, 1837, and which is as follows:

"A gentleman who was in Georgia, told me he once witnessed a public sale of negroes there. They were put up at auction—consisting of men, women and children.—The bidders examined them, turned them round—and made them walk back and forth as if they had been cattle or horses. One of the women had three children; a daughter about 14 years old, and two boys about 8 or 10 years old. The children were bought by one person, and the mother by another. The boys did not mind the parting much—but the agony of the mother, and the distress of the daughter, were past description. Such are some of the evils of slavery. It is a bad system altogether."

This was copied from page 81 of an edition of 1836. Since that time, there has been an edition issued, and in this, the article above is entirely omitted. What is the reason? Has Peter made the discovery that the gentleman from Georgia imposed upon him a piece of historical fraud? He has not said so. Is he become, in his old age, and with his gouty toes, aid-de-camp of the Secretary of the Navy? He has not informed us of this fact. Or has he in his dotage, become a cunning historical coward? It is true he has not said so, and I would not wish to believe that it is so. But what has he said? He has said this: "In preparing a revised edition, the publisher has taken care to have such corrections made as *the changes* in the state of the several countries treated of, in the work, *render necessary. This edition*, therefore, may be considered as adapted to the *existing condition* of the political geography of North and South America."

Will the South thank P. Parley for "*such corrections?*" No sir. One part will demand an entire surrender, or none; and another part has too much honor and honesty to respect a servile imitation of a mere catch-penny. Will the North tender her thanks? Not entirely so. One part at least will demand from its historians that plain matter of fact, the whole of it to be retained, or none.

I deplore this occurrence, sir, as one of those numerous instances in which, although we of the North have nothing to do with slavery, yet that same slavery has so much to do with us, that "It does make cowards of us all."

G. D.

Medicine to Lend.

HARDY'S GENUINE ADHESIVE SALVE.

MR. HARDY would take this opportunity to inform the afflicted and the inhabitants of N. Hampshire generally, that he continues to prepare his adhesive salve as usual and offers it to the public on the terms above of medicine to lend. Hardy's adhesive salve is recommended with confidence for lame back, local rheumatism, pain in the side and breast, scalds, burns, and freezes, flesh wounds, bruises, sprains, broken bones, weakness in the joints, crick in the back, old sores, leg and hip complaints, cracked hands, draughts on the feet, ague in the breast, biles, corns on the feet, horse flesh when galled by the saddle or harness, and occasional sores of most kinds to which the human family are subject. As the proprietor will rely alone on the merits of his salve for testimony to sustain it, he will appropriate one twelfth part for the public benefit. The salve will come in rolls neatly put up, wrapped with a label containing full directions for using. All above a line drawn around the roll may be used at the proprietor's expense and the remainder returned in thirty days if not satisfied of its utility. Local agents have been appointed in many towns and will be in the towns through the State as soon as may be.—Medicine to Lend—test the genuine by the terms of sale. Prepared only by Samuel Hardy, sole proprietor, Cornish Flat, N. H., and by him sold wholesale and retail. Retail price 25 cts. per roll. A liberal discount to those buying to sell again. All orders, by mail or otherwise, will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Orders by mail must be post paid. Mr. Hardy will not introduce to the public any certificates in favor of his salve, he will only request people as they prove it, to communicate the result to their neighbors.

SAMUEL HARDY.

Cornish Flat, June 15, 1839. eowly

☞ *The above medicine can be obtained at the Book-store of I. S. Boyd, Concord N. H.*

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Concord, May 25, 1839. 3mis4m

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RAZORS, Razor Straps, Boxes,—*SOAPS*, of every description,—Shaving, Hair, Cloth, and Tooth BRUSHES—Travelling BASKETS—Gentlemen's and Ladies' WALLETS—PAINTS for Children,—Pencil Brushes,—finally, *every kind* of Goods usually found in a Fancy Goods Store.

FASHIONABLE HAIR WORK.

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Ladies and Gentlemen, call and examine for yourselves,—and I think you will be satisfied as to price and *quality*. J. A. LEIGHTON.

Concord, April 27, 1839.

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GREELY & MORRILL.

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Concord, May 25, 1839. 3mis4m

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